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For the National Era

SKETCHES OF OUR VILLAGE.

No. 4. THE MILLER.—CHAPTER I.

BY MARTHA RUSSELL. Full merrily rings the millstone round,

Full merrily rings the wheel, Full merrily gushes out the griet-Come, taste my fragrant meal!

The miller he's a worldly man, And maun hae double fee; So draw the sluice in the churi's dam, And let the stream gae free." Song of the Elfin Miller

Far up smid the deep gorges, the tangled thickets, and cedar groves of old Totoket, spring forth numberless mountain brooks, that come leaping and tumbling down the rugged mountain sides. calling to one another in merry musical voices. like children at hide and seek, until wearled with their sport, and catching, as it were, the deep solemn voice of the ocean, they mingle their waters in one channel, and with hushed voices go winding quietly through our village, to seek the

After this "meeting of the waters," the stream winds along for about two miles, through a broken valley, then making a sudden turn, finds itself imprisoned between two hills, across the southern opening of which is a massive dam, built of great black logs, against which the indignant water dashes and foams, and then subsiding, drips, drips, with an indescribable, mournful murmur, as if bewailing its fate, while the distant voice of old ocean calls in vain for her child. The eastern bank rises in a high bluff, then stretches away in wide pastures, but on the west the ground slopes gradually back, and, sheer from the water's edge, is studded with magnificent oaks, walnuts, and maples, interspersed with here and there a dark and stately cedar. The pond stretches back a half mile or so, and along itmargin float the queenly water lilies, like fairy boats, intermingled with tall flags and the tassels of the drooping alders. Close by the dam, and half overhanging the water, as if it ever had a fancy to topple in, stands the weather-beaten mill. with its great skeleton-looking wheel, which, like some giant monster, grinds and pounds the limpid water, until it exhales away in glittering spray or, escaping from its clutches, sighs faintly amid the millow roots and rushes that fringe its bed below the bridge. The floor within is strewed with sacks and powdered over with meal, over head are coated over until they look like frosted

" Very air about the door.

Here dwelt Jededish Sewall, the miller, for the farm house a few rods west was to him nothing more than a lodging house. Miller Jed, as he was generally called, was a little withered man with joints distorted by hard labor, and muscles of iron. Flesh he had none to speak of, and the tough brown skin stretched over the joints, and clung to the bones, as if it had sometime undergone a baking process. In his mealy suit, with his glittering black eyes peering out from beneath the brim of his white hat and powdered hair, he looked very much like one of the great spider coiled up in their white webs on the rafters overhead; and the resemblance was true in more points than one, for, like the spider, whatever came within his clutches never found its way out again. For more than forty years he had lived in the will, sniffing the mealy air, shouldering heavy sacks, and compelling the free glad waters to toil for him, while, with his keen eyes bent over the trough with his long bent fingers he soconed out handful after handful of soft white meal for toll People said that his fingers were ever ready bent for grasping, but that no one had ever known them to relax under the influence of charity and

Money, money was his dream by day and night-his god; and to it he had sacrificed his manhood-his humanity. True, after maturely counting the cost, he married, late in life, his housekeeper, to save her wages, wisely considering that she would eat no more as his wife than as his housekeeper; and, besides, in this way, he should gain possession of not only what he had paid her, but also the small sum which she already possessed when she came there. There was one result of this marriage, which, although it could hardly fail, in the end, of exerting a humanizing influence over him, seemed for many years to render him only more miserly and graspng. This was the birth of a son, whose existence cost his mother her life. It would be wrong to say that the miller did not feel some unusual thrills about his heart as he gazed upon the helpless infant, or a strange sensation of terror and awe as he looked upon the rigid features of her whom he had called wife. But scarce were the clods of the graveyard pressed over her, when his thoughts returned to their wonted channel, and avarice began to repine that she did not live to nurse the child. It would have been such a

rice and Love, the old woman who had officiated as nurse to the mother, was retained to take charge of the child, which throve finely under her care, and manifested a fondness for her which gladdened the lone old creature's heart. Isaac, for so they called the boy, was about seven years old before Miller Jed thought of sending him to school. Not that the boy was altogether ignorant, for Widow Barker had taught him the names and habits of the various birds and squirrels that made their homes in the woods behind the house; he knew all the herbs that grew about there, and their uses; and something too of ichthyology he knew, though if old "Grannie Barker," as he called her, had heard that term applied to her lessons, she would have lifted her great-eyed Pectacles, and rubbed her forehead in sore amaze Nevertheless, she had often taken him up the borders of the pond with her, in search of greens, or some rare herbs, holding him [closely by the hand, (for though Miller Jed seldom noliced him, yet ever since his wife died he had manifested a great dread of death, and had strictly forbidden Isaac to go near the pond alone,) and pointed out to him the minnows glancing and polsing themselves in the clear waters, the rosy-gilled roach, and the slender, graceful perch. Then, during the long winter evenings, the old woman brought into requisition her library, consisting of her Bible and Hymn Book, and a strangely retentive memory of the most remarkable cases in Fox's Book of Martyra, which she had met with some time in her younger days. With these the child became early familiar,

Captain Adam Ward has pride enough himself for ten generations."

Widow Barker was no great friend of schools the thought it series door wag little alore o hanging, to shut children up all day to pore over books; end as Imag hed ----- " bis ideas from her, he heartily pitied the little girl, and thought she had much better stay and play with him. He onged to tell her so, but he was a shy boy, and ontented himself with watching her morning and evening, as she skipped along by the side of her nother, or with a more demure manner tried to to make her uneven steps correspond to the regular pace of her grandfather. It sometimes happened that she arrived at the bars some moments before her friends came to meet her, and on one of these occasions, Isaac, who had been gathering aspherries along the fence, ventured to approach er, and holding up the purple fruit, strung after primitive fashion, taught him by "Grannie Barkor," on a long spire of herds-grass, offered to share it with her, The offer was readily accepted, and when Jane Ward came to meet her child, she found her seated on a large flat stone by the side of Miller Jed's boy, her lips and fingers stained to a leep crimson by the rich fruit, gravely striving o overcome his prejudice against schools. Isaac stood on the spot, watching them until the trees hid them from his sight; then he walked thoughtfully into the hous e, and, to the consternation of Mrs. Barker, declared he was going to school. Stories of cruel teachers, of great, reckless boys, of perils by the wayside, made no impression upon him, and the old woman, declaring it to be her pealed to his father. The miller seemed struck with the idea, and said the child must know something about reading, writing, and arithmetic, to get along in the world, and might or well begin the.
Again the old woman brought up her fears, and when she went on to speak of the possibility of the child's being gored to death by some vicious aninal in the street, he involuntarily glanced towards the corner of the room where the dead body of is wife had lain, and said, hastily, that she could sk old Ward's grand-daughter to call for him every day. What protection there could be in the presence of little Mercy Ward, Miller Jed would have found it difficult to tell; possibly, even his hard, selfish nature felt the power of innocence

> CHAPTER II. "The lovely cottage, with its own dear brook,

Its own small pasture, almost its own sky! "Ward's Hollow" is a green, pear-shaped valley, shut in between ranges of low, wooded hills. A small, clear brook, that has its source in some hidden spring beneath the rocks on the northern ide, winds leisurely through it, as if loth to leave its sheltered precincts, until, catching a view of the gleaming mill stream through an opening at the southern extremity of the valley, it dashes the southern extremity of the valley, it dashes forward with a new impetus, like a delighted

chool-boy, to overtake its companion.

At the northern end, the hills assume a bolde At the northern end, the hills assume a bolder front, and are seamed with gray ledges of gneiss, amid the crevices of which grow many wild flowers, and queer, grotesque-shaped trees, butternuts principally, at all angles with the horizon. The ground at the foot of these bluffs is the highest portion of the valley, and here, directly facing the southern opening, stood the old Ward farm-house.

opening, stood the old Ward farm-house.

Here, at the first settlement of our village, Adam, ninth son of Corporal Adam Ward of Ely, one of Cromwell's old troopers, raised his rude hut of logs, and manifested the same energy and perseverance in subduing the wild forest, as had animated his father, when he fell at the head of his band, at the celebrated siege of Basing House. And well did mother Earth reward his toil. The valley, or Hollow, as he named it, lay like a rich carden smiling up to Haaven, and in the course. garden smiling up to Heaven, and in the course of years he added to it many broad acres beyond that circle of green hills. They were a kindthat circle of green hills. They were a kind-hearted, upright, rigidly honest race, somewhat opinionated perhaps, but respected by all men; and thus three generations went down to the grave leaving Adam, the grandfather of little Mercy, the sole heritor of the name and estate. He was very young when his father died, but so truly did his mother train him in the ways of those who had gone before, that when the Revolutionary war broke out, it seemed as if the very spirit of old Adam of Ely still breathed in the breast of his descendant. He joined the troops, where his cool bravery, his lustinctive military skill and intellibravery, his instinctive military skill and intelli-gence, coupled with his unswerving integrity, soon won him a commission. When the unrighteous strife ceased, he returned to his neglected estate, poorer by hundreds in purse, but rich in the love and esteem of his fellow-officers, and the admira-tion and reverence of his townsmen. Most of what was called the "Outside Land," which lay without the hills, was sold to pay off debts con-tracted during the war, but the Hollow remained

without the hills, was sold to pay on deeds contracted during the war, but the Hollow remained, and he diligently set himself to repairing the inroads made upon it by so many years of neglect. This done, he became more and more conscious of the loneliness of the old farm-house, for his mother had lived barely long enough to welcome him home. He was still in the prime of life, and with his high character and military fame, which was something more than a prestige in those days, he might have chosen a bride from any of the wealthy families of his acquaintance, with a dower sufficient to have repaired his shattered fortunes; but he passed by them all, and, seeking out Mercy Lindsay, his early playmate in the humble farm-house, where since the death of her friends she had won her daily bread by the labor of her own hands, he took her to his bosom as his wife, companion, and friend. They had but one child, and for several years this green earth contained no happier family than the one at Ward's Hollow. for several years this green earth contained no happier family than the one at Ward's Hollow. James was an active, spirited boy, and as he grew older, the green valley became too narrow for him. He longed to go out and mingle with the great current of life, and all that his father told him of his own experience there only increased his longing. It was a sad thing to his parents when they became convinced that a quiet, agricultural life would never content him, but they were too wise to force upon him an occupation which he so thoroughly distilled; therefore they procured him a situation as clerk in a mercantile house in the neighboring city, in which, after two or three years' service in that capacity, he became a partner.

ner.

For some years all seemed to go well. He married a pleasant, excellent girl, and two children were welcomed as a veritable gift from God by them, and most especially by the solitary old couple at the Hollow. These children spent much of their time there, and their presence seemed to

come along the wlong cart-nath which led come along the wlong and the woods, until they reached a pair of the sar by the road side. Have view to be little girl over, and placing a gaily-colored basket in her hand, the woman left her and retraced her path through the woods, after turning to mark the progress of the child as she moved down the green lane. And at about the same hour in the afterneon, when the shadows began to lengthen, the little gerl came tripping up the lane, swinging her basket in her hand, and was met, either by the pale-faced woman, or a white-haired old man-leane was very curious about these people, and Widow Barker told him that the child was Mercy Ward, on her way to school; and that she lived with her mother and grandfather at the distance of more than a mile on the other side of the woods. "And an old rickety looking place enough it is now," she added, more to herself than the child, "though I mind me of the time when the Wards held their heads as high as anybody; though for old Capitain Adam Ward has pride enough himself that make the week of the words. The sudder announcement of the tank rept was served was the pale-faced woman or a white-haired old man-leane was very curious about these people, and widows up, but examination proved that they old miller had recourse to the law; but when Isaac was about fifteney was long to the contempt came to his aid. But this was not then worst. Not only, the cash wallowed up, but examination proved that they had always the weeks wallowed up, but examination proved that they had been the words had been them laid down was met, either by the weeks of the words with her mother and grandfather at the distance of more than a mile on the other side of the woods. "And an old rickety looking place enough it is now," she added, more to herself than the child, "though I mind me of the time when the when the was about the provided the was about the provided the was about the provided the way and the provided the provided the provided the provided the provided t some quiet nook in the green country, on acree that have descended to them through many gen-

that have descended to them through many generations, can form a true conception of the old man's grief when called upon to part with his term. Those work, brock, brock, fence, and gate, were so many chapters of it, and well he understood their language. Oh, it was a bitter trial to that white-haired old man; not the less so, that that white-haired old man; not the less so, that these beloved fields were to pass into the possession of one who had never been known to manifest anything like sorrow or sympathy for others, one for whose character he felt a strong dislike, not to say contempt. But what cared Miller Jed for old Adam Ward's misfortunes or opinions, when he saw before him the prospect of grasping at one clutch the green meadows and fine pastures of the Hollow? He had had his lynx-eye upon it for years; he had counted over and over how much more it might be made to yield, than it did under the old-fashiened system of agriculture pursued by its ancient owners; he counted much on James's inexperience, and chuckled inwardly when he went into a store; then he begua to mine in the dark like one of the rate of his own mill; he watched all the movements of the firm, and

in the dark like one of the rate of his own mill; he watched all the movements of the firm, and when he found them pressed for funds, had his agents ready to lend on old Adam Ward's security; and should he forego his long-cherished plan, for the sake of proving himself a kind neighbor? Not he; he would "have his bond."

There was one alternative for the old soldier;

easily relinquished. At the time of the com-mencement of this story, the old Captain's wife had been laid by the side of her son, and James's widow and little daughter, to whom poverty had laft no other shelter since the death of the husband and father, costinued to reside with she

husband said father, continued to real health as old man, and the industry and good managemen of the former did much towards lengthening ou the old soldier's pension, while the scrupulous car with which she sought to keep everything about the house as he had been accustomed to see from his youth, and the reverence and respe with which she treated him, made her well wor thy of the daughter's place which she held in hi heart. Little Mercy—how dark that old house would have been without her! was a sunbeam, hope that ever went before them, casting a serene light on their otherwise cloudy future.

" Childhood, with sunny brow, And floating balr.

June, with her rich, vigorous life, and thousand musical voices, revelled in Ward's Hollow. It had been one of those "heavenly days which can and fell on the wooded range on the east, like a baptism of fire. The whole beautiful valley was like an enchanted lake filled with waters of the hue of burnished gold, through which the white blossoms of the daisies looked forth like stars. The evening meal at the old farm-house was over, and the old Captain sate in his great arm chair in front of the open door, gazing over the beauti ful scene with a screne countenance, for, in sub-mitting to the discipline awarded him, he had learned that in transferring the title deeds of his learned that in transferring the title deeds of his estate to another, he had not parted with his inherent right to their beauty. The widow plied her needle by an open window, through which the faint west wind brought the rich perfume of the many fragrant flowers and herbs, that a century's care had collected in the old garden beneath, while little Mercy sate on the door step; that low, flat, well-worn stone step, with its edges half buried in the thick turf, constructing various chains and curis from the long stake of various chains and curls from the long stalks of the dandelions with which she had filled her apron, alternately talking to her grandfather and mocking a whippoorwill, that nightly poured forth his plaintive strain from the hedge behind the house. Suddenly she threw saide her work, and,

turning to the old man, said:
"Grandfather, that little boy wants to go to school with me, and I shall like it very much. His mother, or the woman that he lives with asked us to-night if I might not stop for him ev-

ery day."

"And what boys do you know, I should like to ask ?" replied the old man, laying his great hand on her shining hair. "Why, Isaac—he said his name was Isaac

Isaac \_\_\_\_\_, the boy that lives in the house by Something like an expression of pain pe over the grandfather's face, as he turned mother, and asked:

"What is this Jane? Does she mean Jed "Yes, father; I should have spoken to you about it when we came home, but you was busy in the garden; besides," she added, with a glance at Mercy, "I did not know but I had better wait

Jane Ward was unwilling to have her chilcatch aught of that bitterness of spirit of which she and her father could not help feeling at the name of Miller Jed, a name which, as if by

common consent, was seldom or never mentioned at the old farm-house. The old man understood her motive, and, send The old man understood her motive, and, sending Mercy off on some slight errand, listened with compressed lips to the miller's request, made known by the old housekeeper.

"Have nothing to do with them, Jane!" he exclaimed hastily, as she ceased speaking.

"Such was my first thought," she replied, "but the little boy plead so hard, that I could hardly find it in my heart to refuse him."

"Aye, a double-faced imp, like his father, dare say. Let the children remain strangers No good ever did or can come from knowing any of that race."

of that race."

"Perhaps you are right, father. But, after all," she added, after a moment's silence, "the poor child must not be blamed for his father's faults; and when I think of him, with no one to care for him but that hard-hearted, selfish old man, I cannot help pitying him. Somehow, he reminded me of our little Adam."

reminded me of our little Adam."

The old man arose and walked the floor for some moments; at length he paused before the widow, and said—

"And you think we might possibly do something towards making this child a better man than his father. Is it not so, Jane?" he added, with a sad smile.

"We could try, father." was the reply.

"Well, you may be right, but I have little faith. I have known Jed Sewall, man and boy, for sixty years, and I never know him otherwise than mean,

them; besides, if the boy was there, he would be out of mischief at home.

It was not often that the shrewd old miller had recourse to the law; but when Isaac was about fifteen years old, finding the validity of certain mortgages in his possession questioned, he placed the business in the hands of an attorney. The case was decided against him; and so exasperated was he by the lose and the round fees demanded by his lawyer, that he swore, henceforth he would have a lawyer of his own. He had one son, and he should be a lawyer. Like all people with only one idea in their heads, this became a mania with him. True, it would cost a sight of money to educate him, but then Isaac would get it all back. Lawyers could not only look sharp after their own property, but their very words were gold Miller Jed retained a very vivid memory of the sound for Marie and again he computed how many such syms he would receive in a year. The invisament would bring a rare interest, he thought; therefore Isaac was sent away to school, preparatory to entering on a course of law, under the tuition of the somewhat celebrated Judge G. of L.

It never cocurred to him to consult the taste of his child in this choice of an occupation; but, happlly, Isaac loved books better than anything else in the world, save Mercy, whose sweet face had grown to be a most rare book to him, ever fresh and new; therefore he made no objection.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK]

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, July 25, 1850.

To the Editor of the National Era : The most common topic of conversation several days past, has been the sudden decease of President Taylor. He was universally respected in Europe for the frankness and simplicity of his character and the loyalty of his conduct. Among the numerous notices of him in the press, I have There was one alternative for the old soldier; he might mortgage his acres for a sum sufficient to pay off the debt, and many of his old friends advised him to this course. But his independent spirit could not brook this; he had been a free man all his life, and would not consent, in his old age, to become a servant; therefore he let it all go, all but the old house and a bit of meadow on which it stood. Still the fields retained their old name, for, like the excellent qualities of the ancient owners, it was too strongly associated with the settlement and history of the village, to be of a new external and internal policy. One of the London papers thinks that this event will have important bearings on the question of the liberty of the laboring classes. In the Seuthern States he Fifficate is appropriate by consci-entiously devoted to the Republican form, and to freedom, and too honest a man to sacrifice his principles in political intrigues. This opens a prospect for our country too flattering to be true. What a revolution it would produce, to have a President who could practice on the principle that slavery and freedom are irreconcilable! But it is only fair to let Mr Fillmore speak for bimself, and define his own position. He will take it as he wishes to be judged by posterity. Before he does so, let us hope for the best, and build castles in the air. Perhaps his first message will make all these vanish into thin air, as in fairy tales, the first blast on the bugle of the destined knight made to disappear the parapets,

> charity. In honor to the late President of the United States, the President of France wears full mourning for one month, during which time all balls and public receptions are to be suspended at the Elysée. The colors on board all the vessels of the French navy are to be hung with crape and stand at half mast for ten days.

battlements, and towers, of magic castles. But

what matter? We shall have sinned on the side of

The dissensions and mutual distrust President and the legislative majority have never more occupied the public mind than at the present moment. This unusual attention of the public to this trite subject was caused by the late trial of the President's favorite journal. Le Pouvoir, for disrespect to the Assembly. This step was taken by that body in order to signify to the President its determination not to be trifled with by him under cover of the journals sustained by his purse, and subject to his direction, and to give the nation a proof of its resolution to oppose his personal ambition, should it lead him to re peat his follies of Strasbourg and Boulogne. In the sentence pronounced by the Assembly, person of the responsible conductor of Le Pouvoir was left entirely out of the question, and a fine of five thousand france imposed. This fine is paid from the security money deposited with the Government, and which is known to have been furnished from the President's own purse. I need not remind your readers that every Frenc political paper is obliged to keep a deposite with the Government, varying from eighteen to twen ty-four thousand france, as security for its good behaviour and moderation. In the circumstan the fine imposed on L. Pouvoir may be looked or as a censure inflicted by the Assembly on the The Extreme Left refused to take any part is

the trial, on the grounds that the Assembly ought not to be judge in its own cause, but should defer it to the legal tribunals, and that no journal should be punished for expressing its opinion.

ber of the Left will be among them.

These two acts of decided opposit

views of the President show that the legislative

majority considers him as nothing but a tempo-

The election of the twenty-five members of the Committee of Vigilance has also had the honor of exciting the attention of a public, so long jaded and weary of political commotions. As the bust ness of this Committee is to watch over the inter ests of the State, in the absence of the General Assembly, and to convoke this body in case of ur gency, the President was anxious to have a few of his own friends placed on it, as a token of the confidence of the Assembly. He presented the names of MM. Cassabianca and D'Augely. These have both been rejected by the Assembly in half dosen different votes. The men most opposed to the ambitious projects of the President been preferred. Among those elected are, General Lamoriciere, Berryer, De Mornay, Lartey rie, Vesin, and others, well known for their hosto struggle daily against the intrigues of the crown d heads of Europe.

The marriage of the Count of Montemolin, presenter to the throne of Spain, with the younger sister of the King of Naples, took place privatel on the 10th inst. The Ambassador of Spain took is the country of the Country tility to the President. During the adjournment this Committee is clothed with all the powers the Assembly, over the troops. There is no dan ger of a breach of the public tranquillity by the Prince. Three members of the Committee remain to be chosen, and it is possible that a men

and to their influence perhaps may be traced his fate as a man. He was a bright gentle, affection at the boy, a little more thoughtful than is usual for children of his age, owing to the solitary life he led solidier gave out the word of command. Then his epanletts, cocked hat, and sword, save when some farmer chanced to call to see some very choice specimen of grain, or some poor debtor, whose mismanagement or misfortunes had given the old miller a claim upon his property.

How long his father would have kept him at the boy himself had not expressed a wish to go to school, we cannot say. But all through the pleasant spring days the child had seen a tall, spare works, resulting is recently and some through the woods in the recently and some through the bled before and spare the old miller a claim upon his property.

How long his father would have kept him at the boy himself had not expressed a wish to go to school, we cannot say. But all through the pleasant spring days the child had seen a tall, spare works, resulting is recently any such as the strongest notes of the piece.

Head the grand-parents back on the track of their poult, is was pleasant to see little Adam imitation of the drill, or of the piece.

It mattered little to Miller Jed in what spirit to the sacciate with him if he attends school, you can try. Let hew was important as the jealousy existing between the Royalist parties and the Pression of grain, or some poor debtor, whose mismanagement or misfortunes had given the old miller a claim upon his property.

How long his father would have kept him at the boars, for on no ting the erect, military bearing of his grandfather, or going through white he do doublet gave out the word of command. Then his epaluate to the condition and faded plume, and wondered when he should be the present with such for care and the might not combine the rect white the first him at the bars, for on no the present would have here enter his house. The matter of the matter of the piece.

A fact almost a time the received by

never claimed any other right to the throne of France, except the will of the people.

The Duke of Bordeaux claims a divine right o govern France, even against the will of the

The principle of Louis Philippe, excludes the idea of any right on his part, except as conferred by what he calls the people. How, then, can he transfer a right which he denies having? Besides this impossibility on the score of prin.

ciple, the advantages of position are all in favor of the Orleans branch. They hold the throne of Belgium, and the presumptive heirship of the throne of Spain. Nothing would prevent them from agreeing to a Constitution of the most liberal character. The Prince de Joinville and the Duchess of Orleans are personally very popular in France

On the other hand, the Duke of Bordeaux and his very near relatives possess no throne. His doctrine of divine right precludes the possibility of accepting terms from the people; for under the legitimate monarch, all right is considered as cen-only privileges granted by him. And, to close the parallel, the French people know nothing about him personally, while all their recollections of his race are unfavorable. This being the state of the case, the Orleanists will not transact with the Legitimists. The consequence may be, that the latter will seek allies on the benches of the Left, and renew the old game of liberalism, played so long under Louis Philippe, without deceiving anybody
The President has lately visited several public places; among them the Hippodrome and the church of St. Mery. He was saluted at his exit

There is something in the air unfavorable to Ministers of War. In Austria and Belgium, they have just been changed, and in France, the ponition of General Pilautpoul is a very descention. He has offered his resignation three times to the President, who has refused to accept it. The cause of this wish to retire lies in the unpleasant personal and official relations existing between the Minister and General Changarnier. About two weeks ago, these were shown in rather singular manner: the Minister had written to colonel under the immediate orders of General Changarnier, to ask for information on certain points. The colonel answered him directly, but was put under arrest by General Changarnier, for not sending his answer through his superior

officer. Children's quarrels, these.

The journals have changed their prices to suit the new law. The principal ones have raised from thirty francs to forty-eight. Next week the stamp tax will be levied. It is feared that the President has ordered the

two fine galleries of palatings in the Louvre, known as the Spanish and the Standish galleries, to be delivered to Louis Philippe, who has claimto be delivered to Louis Philippe, who has claimed them as his private property—on what ground does not appear. The first was purchased out of the civil list of tweive millions, voted annually to Louis Philippe; and the second was bequeathed by Frank Hall Standish, Esq, an English gentleman, to Louis Philippe, for the purpose of being placed in the Louvre.

It seems that Louis Philippe considers as his second appropriate a

private property everything he purchased with the public money as King. The farce of allow-ing this preposterous claim was commenced with the Provisory Government, and has been kept the Provisory Government, and has been kept up ever since, at great expense to the French people. Last week the National Assembly ordered the annual instalment of three hundred thousand francs to be paid on the dowry of the Duchess of Orleans, as if the French people had not made a revolution to throw off all the burdens as well as the humbug of royalty.

A short article in the Moniteur notices the recent treaty made by the United States with the Dominican Republic, and calls attention to it as

Dominican Republic, and calls attention to it as the first step towards taking possession of the island of Hayti. The fact is commented on in other papers with considerable acrimony of feel-ing in regard to designs attributed to our country of territorial aggrandizement. One journal in dicates, in so many words, that a league shoul be formed against us of all the civilized nations. The report is quite current in the papers, that Spain has erected the island of Cuba into a vice

Spain has erected the island of Cuba into a vice-royalty. The Marquis de Duero, a man of firm-ness and ability, is said to be already designated as Viceroy.

Some ship-owners at Dieppe and Havre are now collecting a new sort of cargo for the rich country of California. It is stated as a fact, in the best papers, that measures are already is progress for the collection of nine hundred and progress for the collection of nine hundred as fifty of the outcast women of Paris and the nort ern seaport towns, for the purpose of selli-them in California to the emigrants. I show

them in California to the emigrants. I should not mention a fact that appears so incredible, were it not universally credited here. At all events, I do not vouch for its correctness, for it is impossible to believe that the French Government would permit such an expedition to sail, or ment would permit such an expedition to sail, or that our own would permit it to land.

Another report I will not vouch for is that our Government has sent a Mr Capman to Europe, for the purpose of studying the different methods of decapitation practiced in Europe. This would be a curious mission.

A better one is that of Dudley Mann, Esq.

A better one is that of Dudley Mann, Esq., to the Swiss Confederation. My impression up to the present week has been that the mission of Mr. Mann was a secret one, but, as I find it mentioned in the Swiss papers, I have no hesitation in speaking of it. He presented his letters of credit on the 14th inst. to the President of the Federal Council, assuring him of the sympathy of his Government, and its earnest deeire to strengthen the bonds of friendship which unite the two Republics. This is the first time we have ever been represented in Switzerland by a special mission, and I can but felicitate the Government on the fact itself, as well as the character of the agent it has selected. The mission could not have been more wisely timed, for the Federal Council has to struggle daily against the intrigues of the

on the 10th inst. The Ambassedor of Spain took his departure immediately after. The diplomatic relations of Spain and Naples will be suspended, but there is no other danger.

We are daily expecting the news of the commencement of hostilities in Sohleswig-Holstein. The ports of the Duchies are closely blockaded by the Russian and Danish fleet, and the difficulty must soon be decided by a treaty, or a decisive battle.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ERA.

CINCINNATI, July 31, 1850. To the Editor of the National Era :

It is now a settled fact that the wheat crop in the West this season will be an unusually good one, both as to quantity and quality, and in all probability the largest ever raised in one year. From information received from various quarters in the last three weeks, it appears that in none of the States will the crop fall below the average; in some, it will be fully equal to the usual yield

there is a great increase in the number of acres of wheat grown this year over any other in the surplus into the market. It is from a very few sections of the wheat-

growing States that we hear any other than the most favorable accounts. As the crop of last year was a short one, the stock of old wheat everywhere is small, and in the West we may say there is no surplus stock remaining—the high prices current having induced farmers to sell every bushel that could be spared. This will have some effect upon the market for a few weeks, but cannot operate in favor of the seller long, as the new crop will be in the market, to a considerable extent, by the middle of August. There is good reason for the expectation that the price of grain will be less than last year, and farmers who intend to sell within reasonable time will have to make up their minds to sell, at the best, twenty

per cent, below last year's prices. It is uscless to expect the former rates, when it is known that the sannil - " be much groater in odule praces double-what they were last year, with no prospect of an increase in the foreign demand The advices from Europe, this season, give glowing accounts of the growing crops; and should the result of the harvest be as favorable as the indications, there will be no grounds for expecting an increased foreign demand-which, it is well known, has fallen off greatly in the last ten

The crops of corn, oats, rye, and potatoes, will ilso, on an average, be good through the West this season-some of them over, and none, to any considerable extent, under the usual yield. This mercial prosperity—the agricultural products of our country—may be considered for the present year safely founded; and if it does not lead to

year safely founded; and it is used at the over-trading and too sanguine calculations as to the future, every department of trade and every flucture, every department of trade and every nefficient Providence has seen proper to bless us.

Indications from every part of this State and indications as to the future of parts of others adjoining give assurances that the great State Fair, to be held near this place in September, will be very largely attended. This Fair, you may remember, was to have been held last fall, but was postponed on account of the prevalence of the cholera through the West. A liberal scale of premiums has been offered, and most of them left open for competition from resi-dents of other States as well as Ohio. The judges, denis of other States as well as Onlo. The judges, too, have been chosen impartially from the va-rious States. The Horticultural Society and Mechanics' Institute of this city have united with Mechanics' Institute of this city have united with the State Agricultural Society in getting up this festival, and it is under their joint patronage that the arrangements have progressed from the first. The new building which has been for more than a year in process of erection for the institute, is nearly completed, and will be opened during the progress of the fair. It is a noble edifice, and will be an ornament to the city. The show grounds at Camp Washington, about two miles from the city. have been enclosed, and workmen are now employed erecting the necessary buildings. We may reasonably expect such a display of cattle and agricultural, horticultural, and mechanical products, as will be highly creditable to our State, considered as a first experiment of this nature. In due course of time, we shall be able successfully to rival our more experienced friends of the Empire State, to whose example as intelligent tillers of the soil we are certainly much indebted for the efforts now making to advance Agriculture in the

West.

Since my last letter, the cholera has been decreasing, and in a few days will in all probability leave the city. The reports of the board of health for the week closing July 30th show 346 deaths from all diseases, of which 116 were from cholera, an average of 17 per day of that disease. The whole number of deaths in our city from July 1st to 30th, inclusive, according to the research have been 1610. As the research for the ports, have been 1,610. As the reports for the first week were defective, it would be perhaps earer the truth to set the number down at 1.700. Yours,

BALTIMORE, July, 1850. For one who has sojourned occasionally in the different cities of our Union, at different times. their various and changeful physiognomies (so to speak) must have made an impression. Cincinnati, for instance, changes much more than Baltimore. On returning to Cincinnati after a five years absence, one is more struck with the changes and improvements than he is in Baltimore after fifteen years absence. Yet Baltimore has improved as rapidly as any city on the Atlantic border, with, perhaps, the exception of New York. "Well, how does Cincinnati look to you?" asked a friend of ours, on a return there, after a five years absence in Washington. "Up to Seventh street," we replied like an old friend with a new coat on; beyond that like a perfect stranger.

And so it is. Almost all that portion of Cinciunati called "Texas" has grown up in that time; crowded streets where I saw nothing when I left it, but cow paths over the common Walk even down Main street, and almost all the signs that the business houses knew a few years ago, know them now no more. So with the private residences, as many a Northern or Southern sojourner who has been entertained there finds

"That's not her knocker-and are all estranged is she not faithful whom his heart adores That lady, sir, long since her name has changed, And having done so, she's forgotten yours."

In Baltimore, particularly in the heart of the ity, one finds things pretty much as he left them. We pass down Calvert street, for instance, and there is Balderstone's wine establishment which has been there to us time out of mind; and there is the Mechanical Empire House in the old place, and a large flag-stone in the pavement tells us it was founded in 1763. What was Cinclanati then? We have talked with Simon Kenton, "the last of the pioneers," who was taken pris-oner by the Indians in the wilderness where Cincinnati now stands. In New Orleans and St Louis, how fast all trace of the French popula-tion is fading away. Boston and Philadelphia hold a good deal of their old look, we mean of fifteen years ago, for that is old in our calendar,

while Charleston has not changed much since our childhood, and we are now of a "certain age."

In Baltimore the population have a oneness, an dentity of appearance, different from that of Cincinati. Beyond the Court House, in the Queen City, you hear more of the German language, particularly on Sunday, than of your own, from the passers by in the streets. Their very clothes you see were made in the old country, and scores

of them have just arrived. Their friends who are walking beside them, and pointing out apparent objects with great volubility, as you can see and in others, more than an ordinary crop is expected. In Ohio the yield is fully to thirds.

more than in 1839, and in Indiana the increase is Americanized show. In fact, the German por utation have that part of Cincinnati almost entirely to themselves. In Louisville you see comparatively few foreigners, it has the look history of the State, which, with a more than of Baltimore. Louisville in population and average yield, will throw an uncommonly large character resembles Baltimore. In Baltimore, however, there are fewer dandies-I mean fashionable young men, young men who seem to have nothing to do but to dress themselves foppishly, and idle about—than in any other city. This im-

> eauty, the men certainly are not remarkable for their personal appearance.
>
> We believe that there is more social equality in Baltimore than in any other large city in the Union. The mechanic here stands higher, and he is more conscious of the fact. Many of the highest public offices here are filled by mechanhighest public offices here are filled by mechan-ics. As a class, here, they are very intelligent, and very independent in their bearing—none more so. One is struck too with the prevalence of Methodism in Baltimore. Methodism thrives better in the South than in the North; its warm and trusting faith, so full of sunshine and hope, suits this meridian, and is compatible with the

pression has frequently occurred to us; and while the Baltimore women are remarkable for their

comparative equality which prevails here.
You do not see as many negroes in the streets
as formerly, and there are not so many of them
there are not so many of them
there are not so many of them this fact, but to the eye it certainly appears so.
If Baltimore has not her public squares, like Philadeppua, filled with trees, she has her monument squares, and her city springs, in all of which Cincinnati is so wofully deficient. The which Cincinnati is so wofully deficient. The only thing like a public square in Cincinnati is in Eighth street, if we remember rightly; and there half the time in fine weather the inhabitants round about are kicking up a dust in the way of cleaning their carpets. The dwellings in Cincinnati are extremely neat, and you see at once that white labor has had the care of them.

Recurring to Methodism. We go frequently to the Light street Methodist Church, whither we were frequently led in our boyhood by our good old maiden sunt, and where, too, now we are church of St. Mery. He was saluted at his exit from both with cries, a thousand times repeated, of "huzza for the Republic." It is a singular fact, that whenever the President goes to a public place, without being announced, the above ory, considered disrespectful to him, is universal; but whenever the trip has been concerted beforehand with the authorities of a town or department, there are always a great many shouts of "Huzza for Napoleon.".

The Royalists are organizing secret societies in every part of France. There is no doubt of this, as several of them have already been discovered, and the papers soized refer to an extensive organization of affiliated societies. The Socialists are probably doing the same thing. One of theirs were made, and a number of papers and the constitution of the society seized. The Royalist societies seem to be most numerous in the north of France. There was already been discovered of France. The rest made have considered been a fruitful one, and, whatever prices may be, the produce of the West this year will go far to relieve it from the load of debt whenever the trip has been concerted beforehand with the authorities of a town or department, there are always a great many shouts of "Huzza for Napoleon.".

The Royalists are organizing secret societies in every part of France. There is no doubt of this, as several of them have already been discovered, and the carry forward many roads and plans of internal improvement projected, and recover from the paralyzing effect of the epidemic which visite at the paralyzing effect of the epidemic which visits are for which has hung like an extinct the paralyzing effect of the epidemic which visits are for which has hung like an extinct the paralyzing effect of the epidemic which visits are for the more paralyzing effect of the epidemic which visits are for the more paralyzing effect of the epidemic which visits are for the more paralyzing effect of the epidemic which visits are for the more paralyzing effect of the epidemic which visits are fo

Light street Church is generally filled on oc-asions of worship, and we shall never forget our cood aunt's taking us there when a child, to hear The body of the church was crowded with children, of which crowd we formed one. We noticed, even then, that not a girl played with her neighbor's riband, or her own; and that the boys entirely forgot their mischief, and were won

from their general listless indifference in church while all gazed into the face of the preacher with deep earnestness. One of his remarks we shall from home, and your parents—your father or mother—should write to you, how eagerly you would open that wished-for letter, would you not? And how eagerly you would read every line of it, and how you would treasure their admonitions, their good advice, in your memory You would resolve to do what they wished you You would resolve to do what they wished you to do—just what they desired. You would resolve should be your steady aim, and again and again you would unfold that letter in some quiet room, or when you were apart from your playmates, and read and reread it to yourselves, that you might know it all by heart, and do just as they bid you. You would remember how that dear parent loved you, how much trouble and anxiety he had felt when you were ill, and how affectionately he had watched over you! Yes, you would think of all this, I know you would, for you look like good children—and you are here in church to-day, and that is another proof that you are good children. Yes, you would think so much of that dear letter. Well, little children, your Father who is in heaven, your Heavenly Father, has sent you a letter also, and here it is in the shape of this book which I hold in my hand, and of which you have all heard—I mean the Bible." And, so speaking, he explained to the children the character of all heard—I mean the Bible." And, so speaking, he explained to the children the character of Christ. What I remember most distinctly, though, is that passage, and such a manner! With the capital improvements in Light street church, while my taste could not but admire it, I own I longed for the old appearance of things, that I might call up the more vividly the spirit of that eloquence, now gone, which so interested and charmed my boyhood. I have just been reading charmed my boyhood. I have just been reading Summerfield's Sermons and Sketches of Sermons, and in doing so I have been trying to recall his manner and tones as he stood in that old pulpit, and account for the effect which he produced in their delivery, for they are certainly not remarkable sermons in matter, and I can in a measure realize their effect. But it requires one, in doing so, to keep constantly in the "mind's eye" the living, breathing utterer of them. to their very living, breathing utterer of them, to their very interjections.

Baltimore is called the Monumental City. It

scarcely a day passes that some one of these nu-merous bodies do not turn out, often, alas, to bury their dead. But in a country like ours, such societies (for they are almost all of them of a benevolent character) do incalculable good in the example which they set of temperance and philanthropy. And as man is a social being, these executations bring man together without the need associations bring men together without the need of their resorting to the bar room, or the theatre, to gratify a questionable sociability and love of excitement. There is one kind of Association, however

There is one kind of Association, however, though may be the most useful of all in our cities, which is, nevertheless, the source of a great many outrages. We allude to the different fire companies. Proverbially, Philadelphia is the city of brotherly love, (on paper), and of Firemen's most unbrotherly riots in fact. They arise in the first place from emulation among the firemen, but they end, like emulation in all other places, too often in strife, bloodshed, and murder. Here, but the other evening, a Fire Company was outrageously assaulted, in returning peaceably from a fire where they did good service, and it is shrewdly suspected that the assaulters were members of another company. There was no one murdered, but limbs were broken, and other severe injuries inflicted. These matters are a disgrace to a civilized community, and there seems no likelihood of an end being put to such proceedings. It strikes us that it would be well if Lone but appointed and paid firemen, selected by the no likelihood of an end being put to such pro-ceedings. It strikes us that it would be well if Lone but appointed and paid firemen, selected by the authorities, were allowed to not as firemen; or it would be well to make all firemen give bonds for their peaceable behaviour at fires, if such a thing were practicable. Even Washington was once (we do not know how it is now a-days) subject to (we do not know how it is now a days) sucject we such disturbances. We remember, more than once, to have made our escape in at Fuller's (now Willard's) window, to get out of the range of brickbats, which one Fire Company were hurling at another. Give us any law but mob law, say we, and almost any kind of riots rather than at another. Give us any law of riots rather than we, and almost any kind of riots rather than those which spring up between such a useful class of citizens as that of which our different Fire Companies are composed. To see Firemen destroying each other's engines, and taking each other's lives, while a fire is raging, is about as had as Nero's fiddling while Rome was burning.